

No. 23

AUGUST

10¢

# AMAZING-MAN COMICS







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**FIREWORKS** Oh Boy!

**THINK OF IT!** An assortment of over 600 pieces of fireworks worth \$6.15, for \$2.95 cash with order. We have the famous "ZEBRA" flash crackers, World's loudest, 100 FREE salutes with every order... Free catalog.

BANNER FIREWORKS Box 173-A, W. Toledo, Ohio

## Make Sure You Read All THREE!

Comic Corporation of America now publishes THREE comic magazines for your entertainment and enjoyment—you're bound to like every one of them:

### AMAZING MAN COMICS

Your old favorite with new features! Twenty-four pages about AMAN, THE AMAZING MAN, in new, more thrilling adventures than ever before—plus MIGHTY MAN, MINIMIDGET and a host of new stories!

### STARS & STRIPES COMICS

A new magazine with old favorites—THE SHARK, THE IRON SKULL, REEF KINCAID, etc.—plus new thrillers like BLACK PANTHER and DR. SYNTH—hours of thrills and chills galore!

### LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS

Featuring the LIBERTY SCOUTS, described below:

**At Your Newsstand—  
10c A Copy!**

## CURRENT CONTESTS

MILLIONS of dollars are given away each year as prizes in contests and thousands upon thousands of people share in this wealth. But, most contests are aimed at grown-ups—mother is asked to write a 25-word statement on why she likes a certain brand of shortening—dad is asked to write a 25-word statement on why he smokes this or that kind of cigars—and boys and girls are given very little opportunity to capture prizes without competing with older folks. Now, however, we have received news about a contest which only those up to 16 years of age may enter—a contest which rewards you for straight shooting and straight thinking—a contest with swell prizes which everyone can use. Here are the details about this contest:

The DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 977 Union Street, Plymouth, Mich., will award 210 prizes in a combination Shooting-Statement Contest, open to anyone up to and including 16 years of age. Each contestant must first shoot at an Official Target, then complete the sentence "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in twenty additional words or less in the space provided on the Official Target. Official entry blanks are obtainable at dealers selling Daisy Air Rifles. First and Second Prize is a two weeks' All-Expense-Paid Trip to Red Ryder's Rocky Mountain Rancho in Colorado. Other prizes include: Recordio Jr. Home Recorder-Radio-Phonographs (all in one), Daisy Targeteer Pistol Outfits, and Horse-Head Gun Brackets. Full details are given elsewhere in this magazine. Contest closes midnight, July 25, 1941, and all entries must be received by that date.

If you would like us to continue giving you news about contests for boys and girls let us know and we'll be glad to do so. Just drop a postcard to: Uncle Joe, Suite 1905, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., and tell us what you think of this new feature.

# HEY PALS!!! THEY'RE HERE! STRUT, SMOKEY & SKIPPER— LIBERTY SCOUTS



Meet STRUT—who can fly like a hawk, the most daring ace in the whole U.S.A.—his plane is a man-ridden rocket, a hurricane of speed!

Meet SMOKEY—the world's most brilliant scientist and inventor—whose marvelous tank can travel at top speed over both land and water, and carries armor-piercing guns, special gas bombs, and a fully equipped workshop!

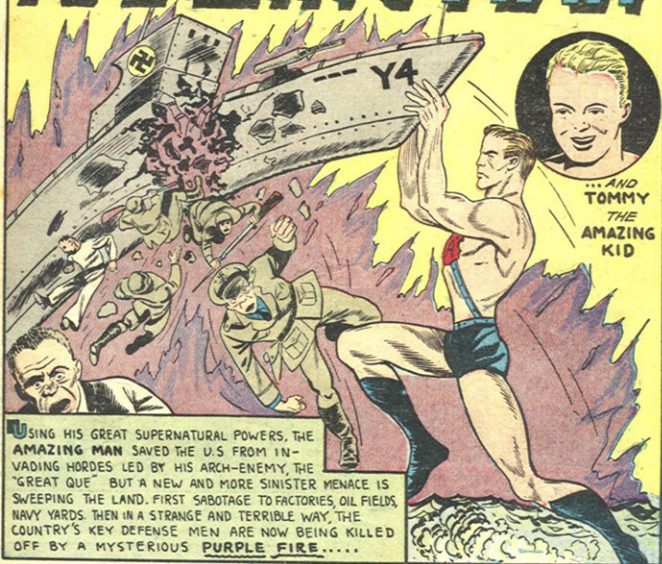
Meet SKIPPER—who swims like a fish and is the best sailor in the seven seas—whose super-submarine, an ocean-going arsenal, is far faster than any other ship above or below water!

Meet all three LIBERTY SCOUTS—in the pages of the brand new LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS—now on sale at your newsstand! They're three brothers, specially trained by their dad for service in the defense of the U.S.A. You'll get the thrill of a lifetime when you read how they defeat an overwhelming enemy force which threatens invasion of our Country! Don't miss this great story about American patriots—plus other features like "MAN OF WAR," "VAPO-MAN," "FIRE-MAN," and "DOPEY DAY"—they are all in the pages of LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS!

**Get a Copy of LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS at the Newsstand TODAY!**



# THE AMAZING-MAN



... AND  
TOMMY  
THE  
AMAZING  
KID

USING HIS GREAT SUPERNATURAL POWERS, THE AMAZING MAN SAVED THE U.S FROM IN-VADING HORDES LED BY HIS ARCH-ENEMY, THE "GREAT QUE" BUT A NEW AND MORE SINISTER MENACE IS SWEEPING THE LAND. FIRST SABOTAGE TO FACTORIES, OIL FIELDS, NAVY YARDS. THEN IN A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE WAY, THE COUNTRY'S KEY DEFENSE MEN ARE NOW BEING KILLED OFF BY A MYSTERIOUS PURPLE FIRE....

DR. NEDSON FAMOUS SCIENTIST, IS NO. 1

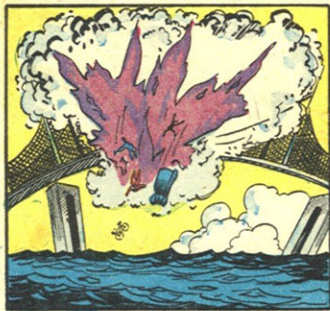
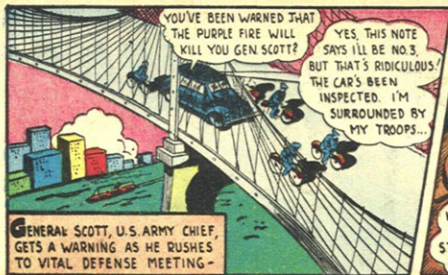


THE PURPLE  
FIRE!



PAUL WINDER,  
BRILLIANT PLANE  
DESIGNER, IS  
NO. 2





THAT AFTERNOON, NELS MUNSON, HEAD OF U.S. WAR PRODUCTION, IS IN HIS OFFICE





AMAZING MAN HURLS  
HIMSELF INTO SPACE



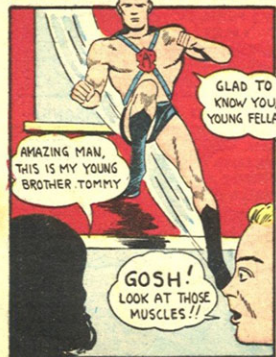
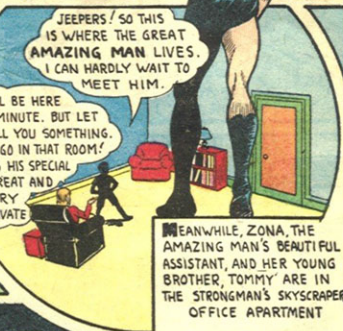
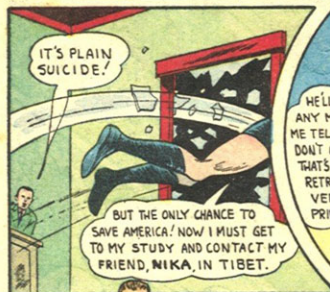
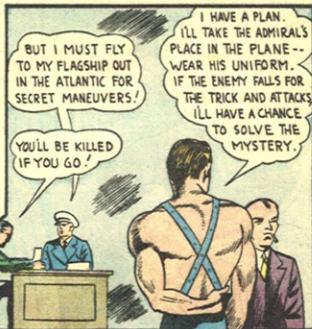
MUNSON MURDERED  
BY PURPLE FIRE!!  
EXTREE!



BUT BEFORE AMAZING MAN REACHES MUNSON'S ...



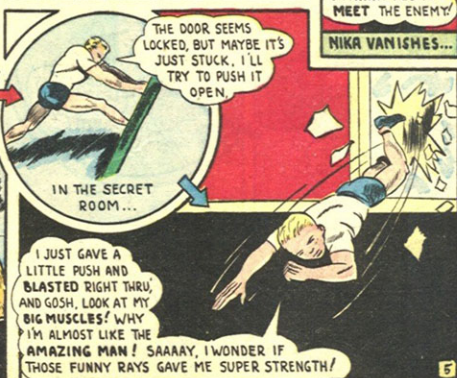




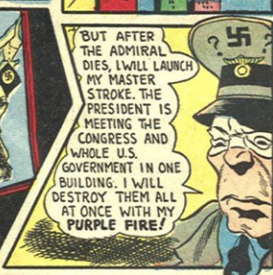
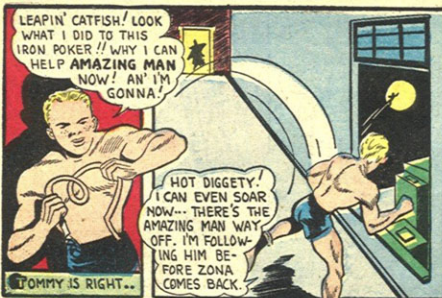




THE WEIRD CHANT INSTANTLY SUMMONS NIKA, HEAD OF THE MYSTIC COUNCIL OF 12.









A MOMENT LATER TOMMY LANDS ON THE ROOF

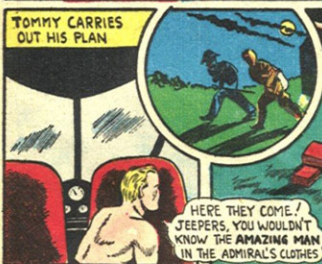


THAT RADIO WILL DO THE TRICK ALL RIGHT - I'LL TELL 'EM THEY CAN TAKE OFF

SOON'S THIS GUY LEAVES, I'LL DUCK INTO THE SHIP AND HIDE. I'M GOING TO HELP THE AMAZING MAN!



TOMMY CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN



YOU MAKE A GOOD ADMIRAL, AMAZING MAN.

I HOPE I FOOLED ANY SPIES. WHEN WE GET FAR AWAY, YOU'LL BAIL OUT. I'M NOT GOING TO RISK ANY LIFE BUT MY OWN.



MOMENTS LATER THE PILOT JUMPS OUT....



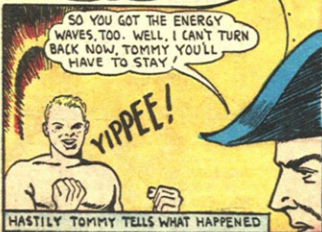
I'M ZONA'S BROTHER TOMMY I'M STRONG AND I CAN SOAR. I WANT TO HELP YOU.

BLAZES!! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?



IF WE'RE WRECKED AND YOU LAND IN THE WATER, BREAK THIS TUBE. THERE'S A STRONG DYE INSIDE. IT WILL COLOR THE OCEAN YELLOW AROUND YOU SO RESCUERS MAY FIND YOU

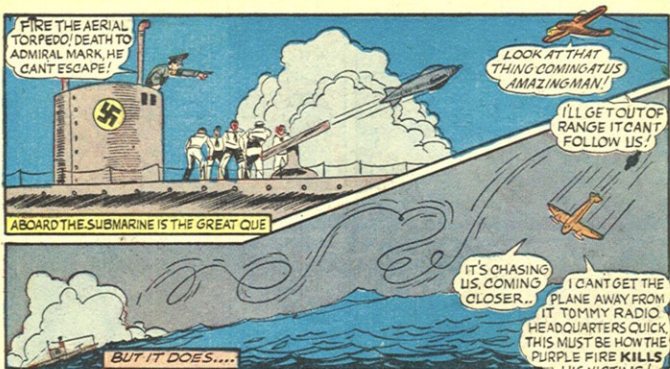
OKAY, I'LL KEEP IT IN MY BELT. HEY, LOOK! SUBMARINE AHEAD!!



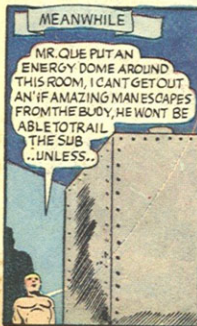
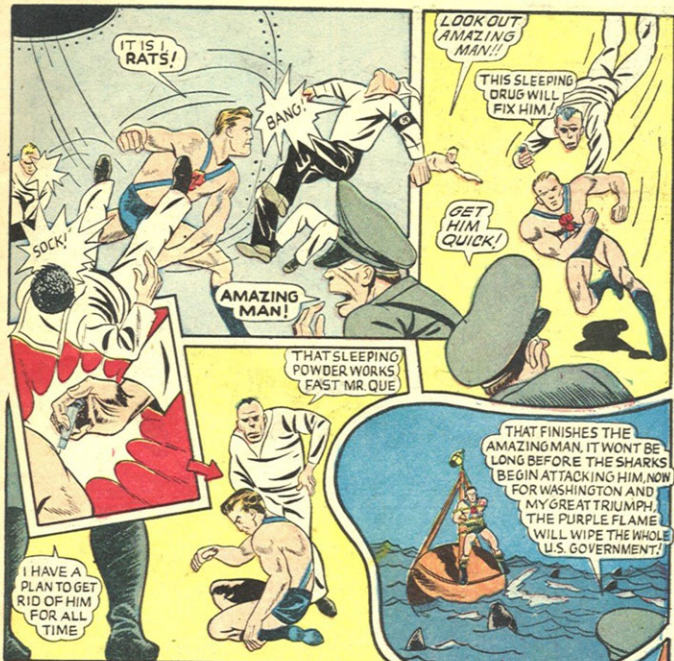
HASTILY TOMMY TELLS WHAT HAPPENED



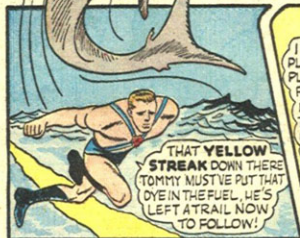
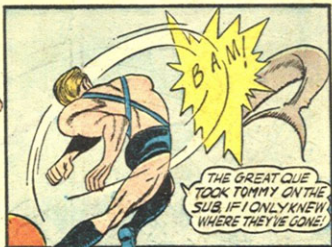
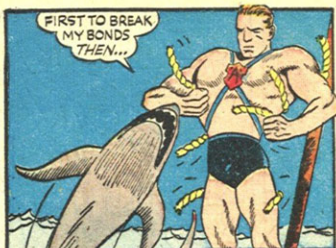


















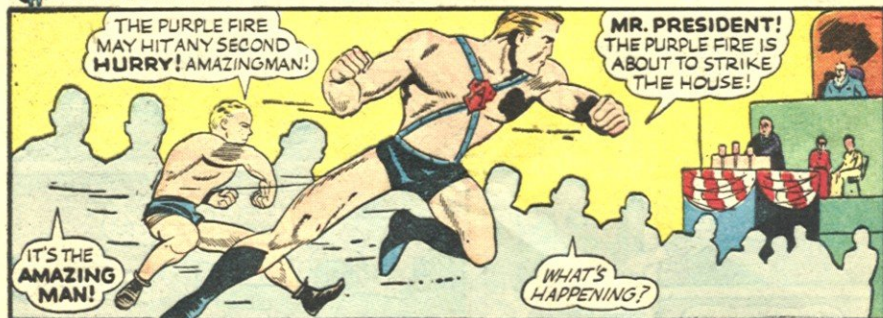


THERE SHE GOES AND WHEN THE PURPLE FIRE SMASHES CONGRESS, MY **FIFTH COLUMN** WILL TAKE OVER THE U.S.A.

HIGH OVER WASHINGTON.



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES! WE MUST RUSH INSIDE! GET THAT RADIO... BEFORE THE TORPEDO HITS!

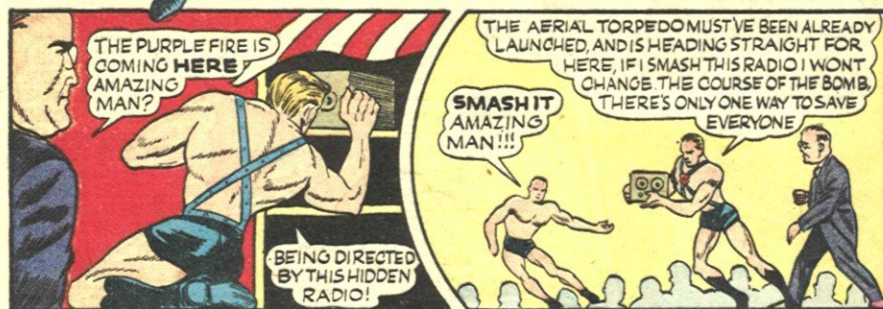


THE PURPLE FIRE MAY HIT ANY SECOND HURRY! AMAZINGMAN!

MR. PRESIDENT! THE PURPLE FIRE IS ABOUT TO STRIKE THE HOUSE!

IT'S THE AMAZING MAN!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

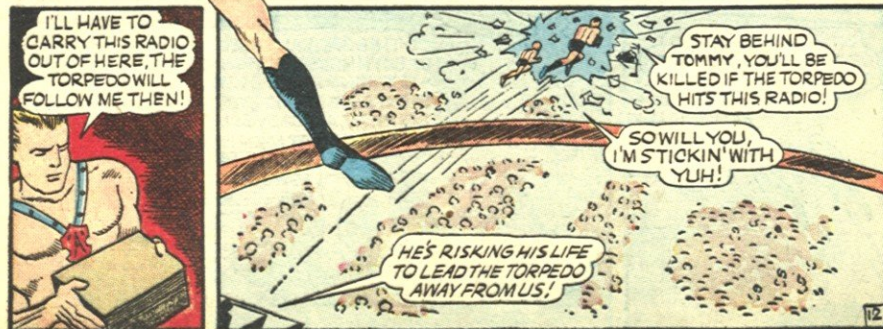


THE PURPLE FIRE IS COMING HERE! AMAZING MAN?

THE AERIAL TORPEDO MUST'VE BEEN ALREADY LAUNCHED, AND IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HERE, IF I SMASH THIS RADIO I WON'T CHANGE THE COURSE OF THE BOMB. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE EVERYONE

SMASH IT AMAZING MAN!!!

BEING DIRECTED BY THIS HIDDEN RADIO!



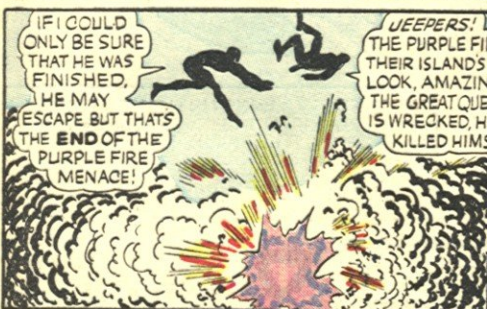
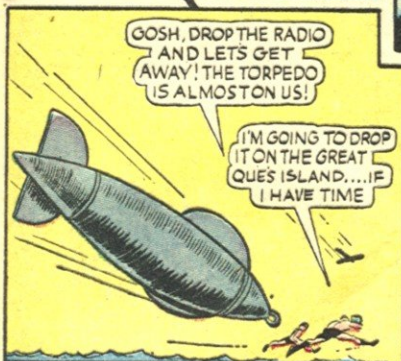
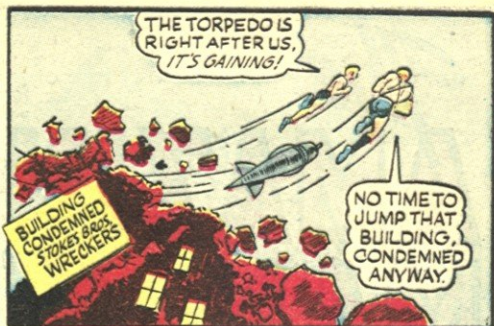
I'LL HAVE TO CARRY THIS RADIO OUT OF HERE, THE TORPEDO WILL FOLLOW ME THEN!

STAY BEHIND TOMMY, YOU'LL BE KILLED IF THE TORPEDO HITS THIS RADIO!

SO WILL YOU, I'M STICKIN' WITH YUH!

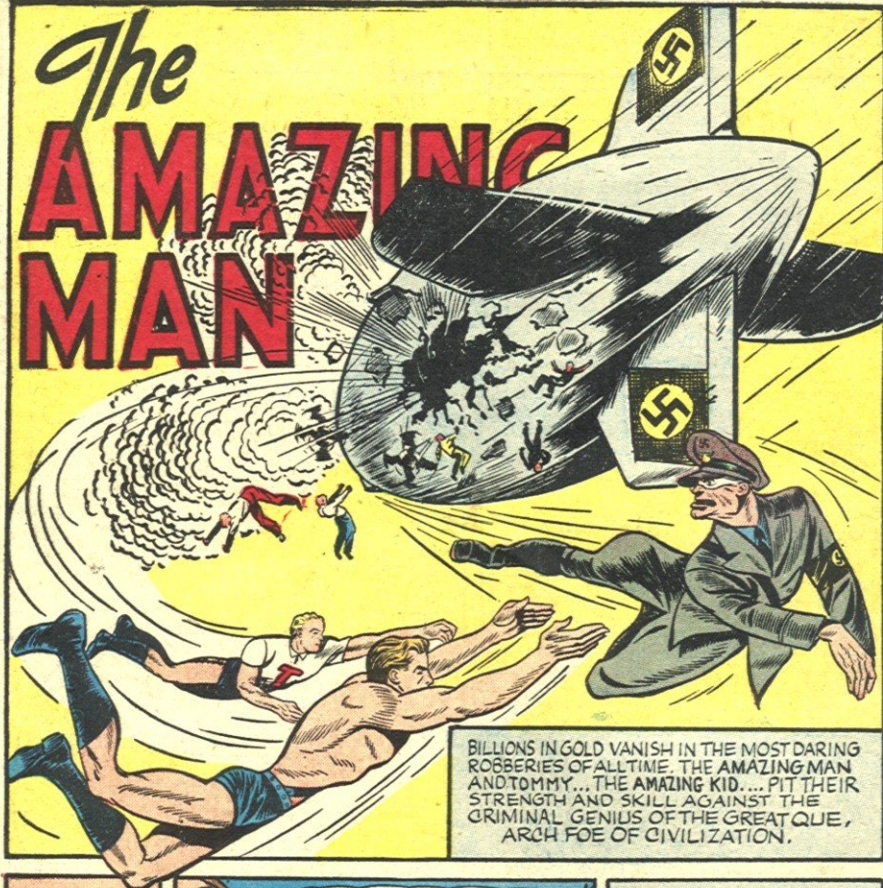
HE'S RISKING HIS LIFE TO LEAD THE TORPEDO AWAY FROM US!







# The AMAZING MAN



BILLIONS IN GOLD VANISH IN THE MOST DARING ROBBERIES OF ALL TIME. THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY... THE AMAZING KID... PIT THEIR STRENGTH AND SKILL AGAINST THE CRIMINAL GENIUS OF THE GREAT QUE, ARCH FOE OF CIVILIZATION.

## 14

BILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD LIES STORED IN THE UNDERGROUND VAULTS OF FORT FOX, THE TREASURE HOUSE OF THE U.S.A. AND STILL IT COMES!



THIS IS ONE PLACE THEY CAN'T ROB

BUT THE GREAT QUE MASTER CRIMINAL IS ALREADY PLANNING A TERRIBLE COUP.

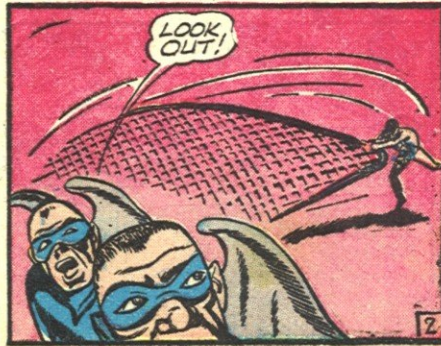
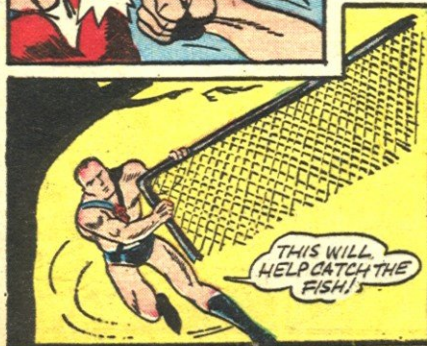
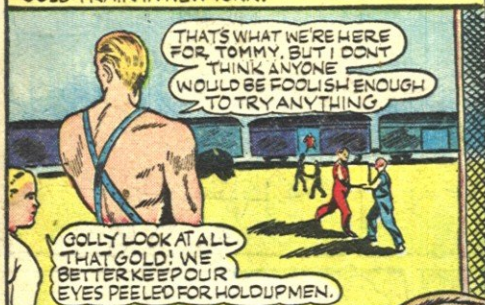
... MY ONLY TROUBLE MAY COME FROM THE AMAZING MAN AND THAT BOY TOMMY, BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

HA HA HA!

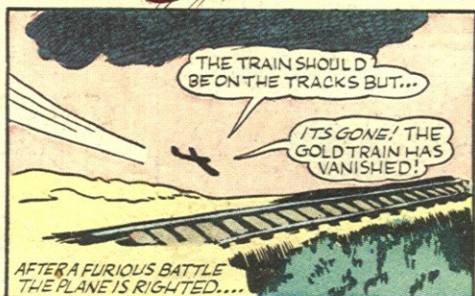
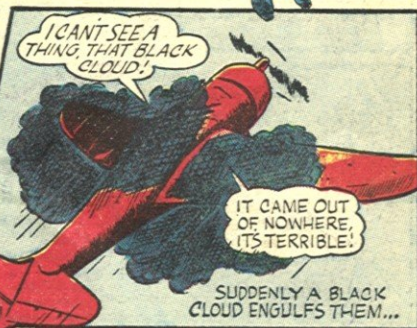
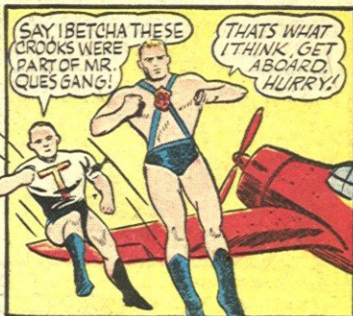




MEANWHILE, THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY ARE ON GUARD AT THE SECRET LOADING OF A GOLD TRAIN IN NEW YORK.



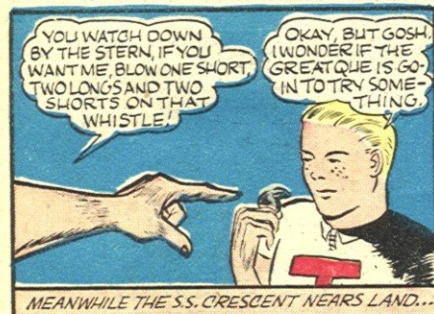




DESPERATELY  
THEY  
SEARCH...  
THEN..

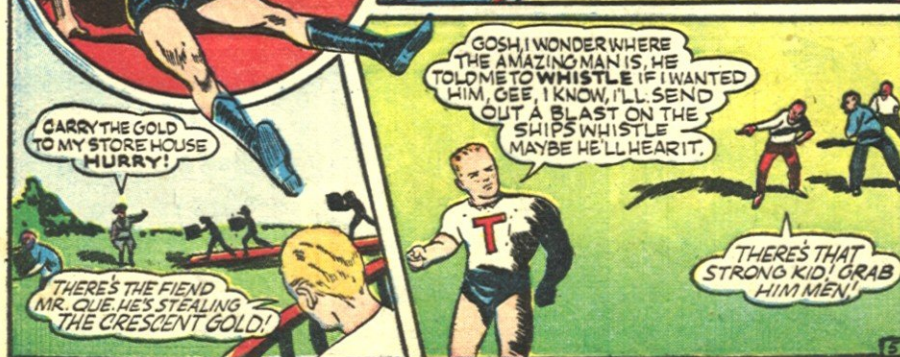




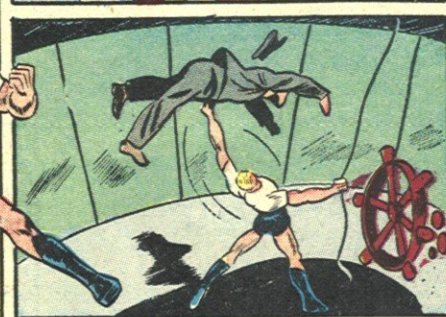




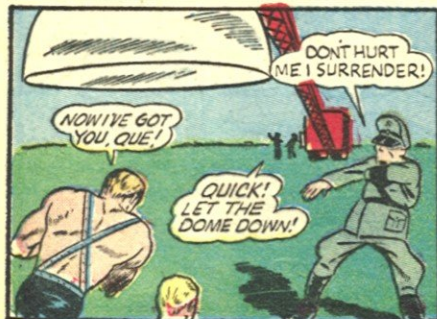
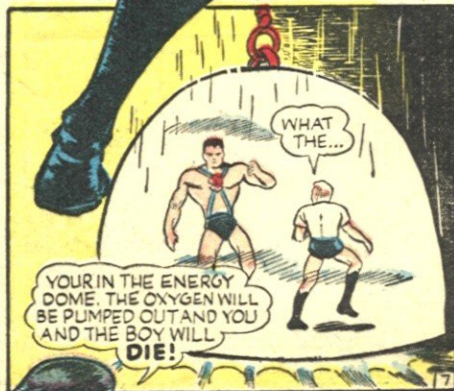
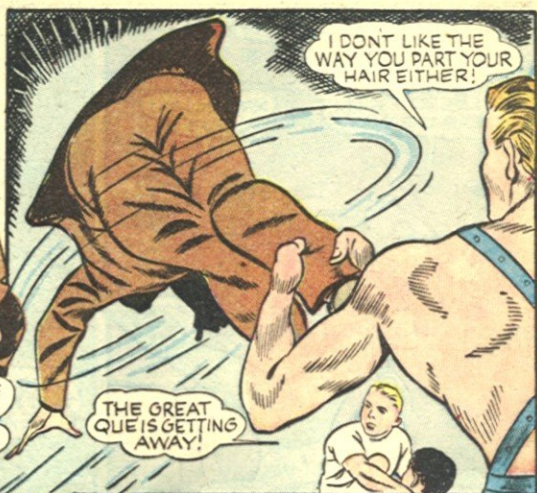
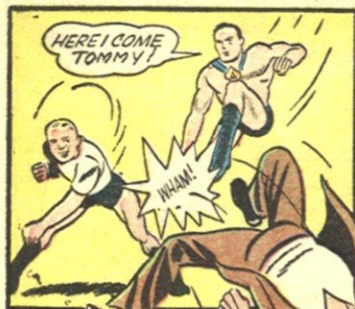
IN TEN MINUTES THE BLACKNESS LIFTS...



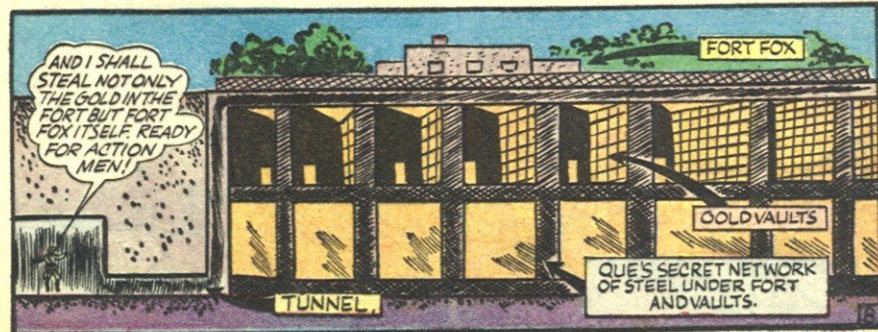




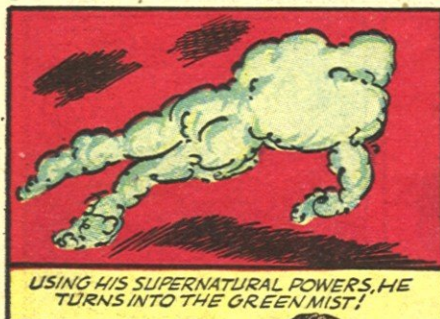
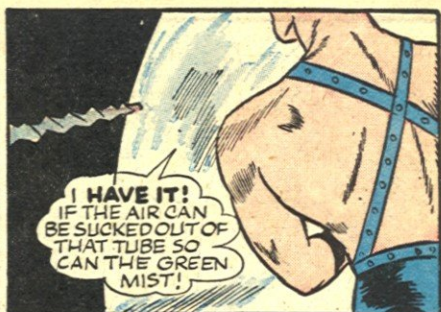








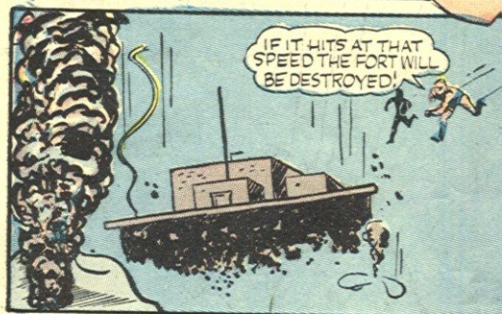
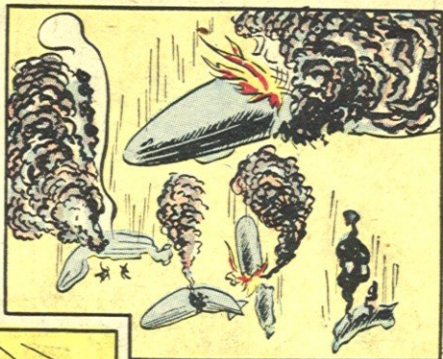














# LIFE AT ITS WORST by RAY HOULIHAN.





# MINIMIDGET

TO THIS FREE COUNTRY OF OURS COMES A HORDE OF SPIES AND SABOTEURS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES, WHO TRY TO LEARN OUR SECRETS OF DEFENCE SO AS TO INVADE US AND ENSLAVE US LATER. READ HOW MINIMIDGET HANDLES ONE SUCH GANG —

by John F. Kolb



IN HIS WELL EQUIPPED LABORATORY, JAMES GORMAN IS WORKING ON A POWERFUL INVENTION FOR UNITED STATES DEFENSE.



THIS WILL MAKE OUR COUNTRY THE STRONGEST IN THE WORLD. NO ONE WILL DARE **ATTACK** US BUT IF IT GETS INTO **ENEMY** HANDS IT WILL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR US.



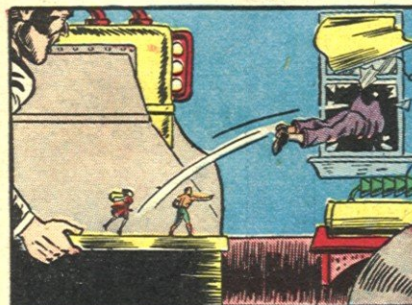
UNKNOWN TO GORMAN, AN EVIL, FOREIGN LOOKING MAN IS WATCHING HIM.



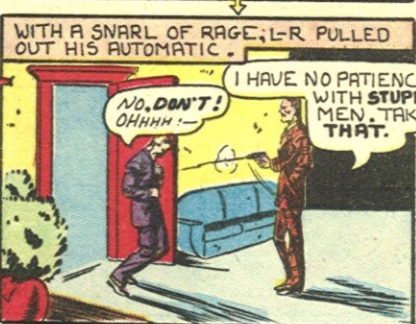
QUIETLY HE STEPPED UP BEHIND MR. GORMAN. AN EVIL GRIN SPREAD OVER HIS FACE.



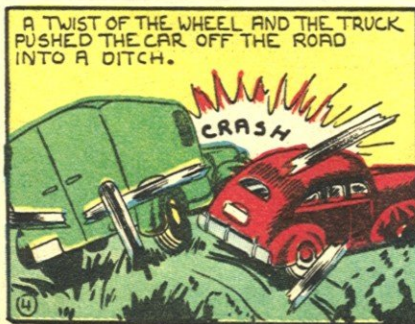
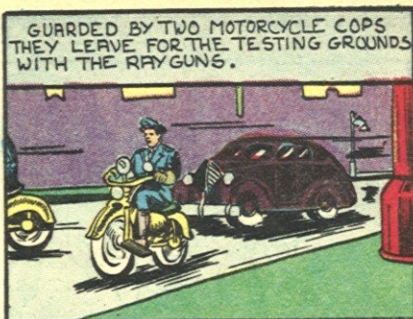










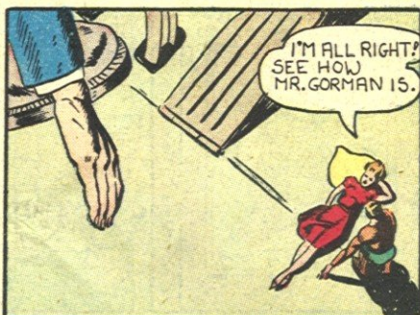




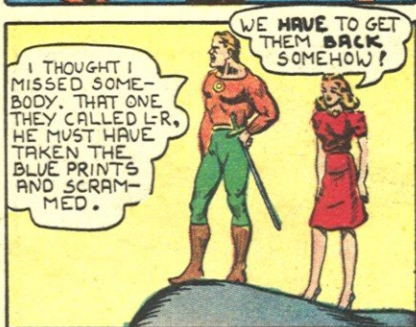
THE BACK OF THE TRUCK OPENED AND A TOMMY GUN CUT THE COPS DOWN IN THEIR TRACKS.



L-R- DREW UP IN THE GETAWAY CAR AND TOOK COMMAND.



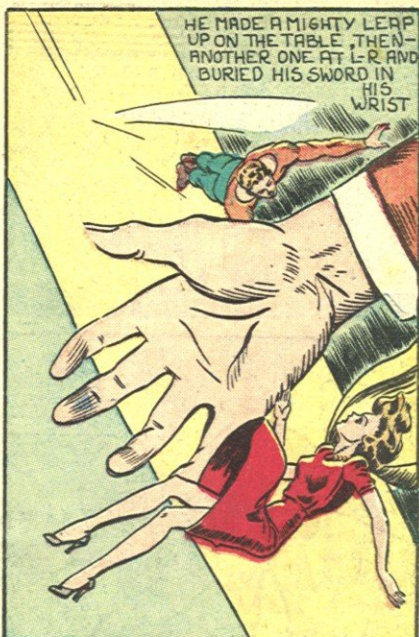
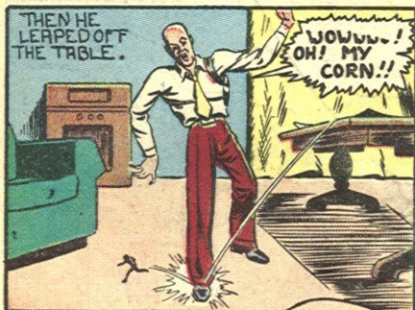














MEANWHILE—BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH A G-MAN SPEAKS.

SAY! I KNOW THESE GUYS. THEY'RE A BUNCH OF SPIES AND 5TH. COLUMN-ISTS THAT WE WERE GETTING READY TO PICK UP.



WHERE DID L-R GO WITH THOSE PLANS? TALK OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM.

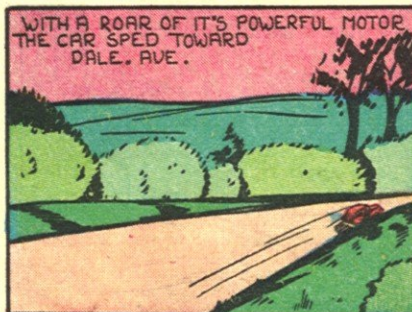
I'LL TALK! OUCH!! HE MUST HAVE GONE TO THE HIDEOUT AT 50 DALE AVE.



BILL, MIKE AND SLIM, COME WITH US. THE REST OF YOU TAKE THOSE MUGGS BACK AND LOCK THEM UP.



WITH A ROAR OF IT'S POWERFUL MOTOR THE CAR SPED TOWARD DALE, AVE.



DID YOU SAY THAT THE ONE WHO ESCAPED TOOK BOTH RITTY AND MINIMIDGET, MR. GORMAN?

YES! MINIMIDGET CLIMBED INTO HIS POCKET AND HE GRABBED RITTY AS HE RAN AWAY.



I HOPE THEY'RE ALL RIGHT. THIS MUST BE THE PLACE HERE TAKE IT EASY BOYS AND WATCH YOUR SELVES.



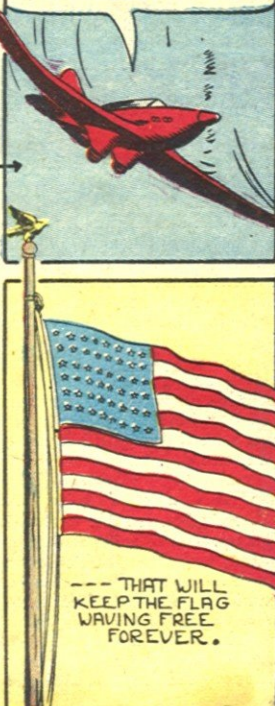
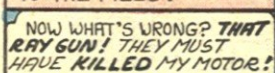
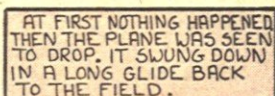
INSIDE THE HOUSE

IT'S MR. GORMAN WITH SOME MEN!

IT IS? LET'S GO OUT AND MEET THEM.









# CLAWS OF A CATSPA W

Once more in his mind  
he became a criminal.



**T**HE newspaper headlines said: POLICE PROMISE EARLY CAPTURE OF DUGAN BROTHERS BELIEVED HIDING IN CITY AFTER LATEST PAYROLL HOLDUP!

Slowly young Joey Bannon folded the morning paper into a neat roll and slouched his long, thin body into a more comfortable position on the East Side park bench.

"What suckers the Dugan brothers are!" Joey said, half aloud. "Maybe they'll get clean away, this time. Maybe they'll pull half a dozen more jobs, even. But sooner or later they'll get caught and then what good will all that dough do them. Prison! Long days and lonely nights behind bars, month after month. Suckers!"

Joey Bannon took a deep breath of the morning air. It was good to be out here in the open, to see the kids playing in the park, to feel the warm sun on your face. It was good even when people—all your old neighbors and friends on the East Side were against you—wouldn't give you a fresh start just because of a foolish thing you once did.

**T**HEN a gruff voice broke into Joey's thoughts. It said: "All right, Joey Bannon. Get up. You're going with us!"

Joey looked up, startled, at the two men standing before him. His thin cheeks went very pale and his mouth pulled into a tight line. The men were big and burly, their faces grim. Joey Bannon knew them well. They were Detectives Drake and Carter from the Fourth Precinct. But Joey didn't move. He said:

by **ROBERT TURNER**

"You—you've made a mistake, fellows. I'm clean. I didn't do anything. I've been on the straight and narrow since I left the farm."

Neither of the detectives changed the expression of his face. As if at some silent signal they both reached down simultaneously and heavy fists grabbed Joey's thin arms, lifted him bodily off the bench. Joey knew better than to struggle. He had tried that once before and took a beating. Of course he was innocent this time, but he was taking no chances.

"We don't know anything about that, Joey," Drake said. "Maybe you're a good kid now and maybe you aren't. All we know is we've got orders to pick you up and bring you in."

"You—you're hurtin' my arms," Joey said, biting his lip. "I'll go quietly if you'll take it easy."

**T**HE grip on his arms slackened and Joey asked: "What's the beef, boys? You can tell me that."

"Breaking into grocery stores and stealing cigarettes, candy and foodstuffs. The same rap that sent you to reform school for eighteen months, Joey. Three places been entered in your neighborhood the past week," Carter told him. "With you fresh back at the old hunting grounds, it looks bad."



"But—but," Joey protested, "It couldn't be me. I don't even smoke anymore. Why should I steal butts. I tell you I'm clean now. I learned my lesson! I'm no chump anymore. I'm trying to get a job and—and—"

He broke off abruptly. Both detectives were looking straight ahead, not paying any attention to him. They weren't hardly listening. Joey Bannon gave it up. There wasn't much use in talking. They were going to get him down to the station house and they were going to pin those jobs on him no matter how hard he yelled. And he couldn't blame them much. It did look bad.

They left the park and started down a narrow side street lined with tenements. This was Joey's neighborhood. All the kids on the street stopped playing and stared at Joey and the two big-shouldered detectives. Women hanging out the windows called to each other and pointed down.

AS they walked along Joey began to boil all up inside. It wasn't fair. It was bad enough that no one would give him a job, a chance to show that he had changed. But this was too much. They were going to railroad him right back to that cold, lonely prison farm. Or maybe he'd get the pen, this time. He was older now. And they'd call this second offense.

It all boiled up inside of Joey and it suddenly became too much for him. Suddenly his heart began to pound and the pulses in his wrist and a red haze misted before his eyes. Just as suddenly it all cleared and left him filled with a cold, grim determination.

He timed and planned the break perfectly. A procession of funeral cars. A quick, twisting yank away from the detectives, a swift, dodging dash across the street between the cars and down an alley and into a dark cellar. He got away clean.

Joey Bannon had long hours to think, cringing and hiding down there in the dark, cramped confines of a coal bin. Once more in his mind he became a criminal. He thought: If I was hoisting stuff from stores and had really pulled those last three jobs, where would I figure on the next one? It didn't take him long to figure Clancy's delicatessen as the next softest touch in the neighborhood. And then he had his plans complete.

IT was a little after midnight when Joey Bannon crawled forth, his thin, strained features streaked with soot, from his cellar hideout. In one bony fist he gripped a heavy poker he had found in the cellar.

Through back alleys, sticking close to the shadows, he slunk toward the rear exit of Clancy's Delicatessen. It was a cinch to pry open the cheap catch and slip into the blanketing blackness inside the store.

Once inside Joey made his way to the front of the store and crouched down behind a cracker barrel near the glass-enclosed cigarette case. He

was hardly settled when the squeaking sound of a rising window sounded from the rear of the store where Joey himself had entered. Joey froze stiffly, his legs and arms aching with tension. Sweat dewed his palms and his forehead as a husky, whispered voice said:

"I tell you I don't like the idea of the catch being off that window. We may be walking into a trap!"

"Nuts!" another voice answered. "Probably just broken. You know how dumb and careless these small shop-owners are!"

AND then, his eyes accustomed to the gloom now, Joey saw two hulking figures moving toward the cigarette case. A match flickered in a carefully cupped hand. Glass shattered with a tinkling crash as a gun-butt broke through the cigarette case.

That was the signal Joey Bannon had been waiting for. He shot up out of his hiding place like a jack-in-the-box, leaped toward the two vague figures in the dark, with his poker swinging.

There was a sickening crunch of iron against bone and one of the men pitched forward, upsetting the cigarette stand with a terrific crash. The other marauder, warned, managed to duck under Joey's next swing. The sudden roaring blast of a gun went off in Joey's face. The flame of gunpowder scorched his cheek. His ears rang with the noise. A heavy body lunged against his own thin form, knocking him spinning backward into a corner. Footsteps pounded toward the rear of the store. Joey fought to control his balance. He raised the poker over his shoulder and then heaved it spinning through the blackness toward the sound of those footsteps.

There was a groaning grunt, then a heavy thud. The poker clanged to the floor. Joey Bannon swayed dizzily as reaction tore at his taut nerves and he moved through the sudden heavy silence toward the street door.

SOMETIME later down at headquarters Detectives Drake and Carter pumped Joey Bannon's hands as Clancy, the delicatessen owner beamed happily.

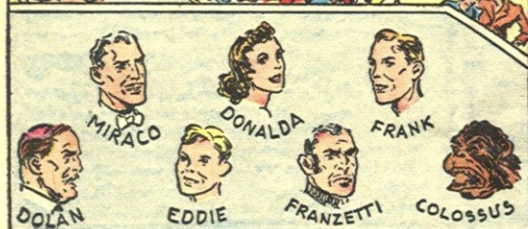
"How did you know it was the Dugan brothers who were hoisting stuff from the stores, Joey?" Carter asked, admiringly.

Joey flushed happily. "I—I didn't. I figured it might be them, since they were too hot to come out in daylight and buy supplies. But I figured that *whoever* it was, would try another job real soon and I was going to nab 'em and prove my innocence. You see, Crooks are dumb suckers!"

Mr. Clancy nodded knowingly. "You're going to make a mighty smart clerk for my store, Joey," he said.

**END**





MIRACO THE GREAT-MAGICIAN AND MYSTIC-POSSESSOR OF EXTRAORDINARY HYPNOTIC AND OCCULT POWERS HAS LEARNT THE SECRET OF ACQUIRING SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH.

HE IS THE STAR OF DOLAN'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS. HIS BEST FRIENDS WITH THE SHOW ARE FRANK WEBB-WONDER WIRE WALKER, AND DONALDA-QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE-WHO ARE IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER. FRANZETTI-OWNER AND TRAINER OF COLOSSUS-GIANT MAN KILLING GORILLA-WHO ALSO LOVES DONALDA.

WELL, EDDIE, HERE COME THE KING OF THE HIGH WIRE AND THE QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE. HE JUST GAVE HER A NICE BIG DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING.



MIRACO! EDDIE! I'M THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD. FRANK AND I ARE ENGAGED.



AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

GEE WHIZ! LOOK AT THAT SPARKLER.

GREAT! HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS.



A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE TOGETHER, MY DEARS.



HE SHALL NEVER MARRY HER! I'LL KILL HIM FIRST

GOOD NIGHT, LOVE BIRDS!

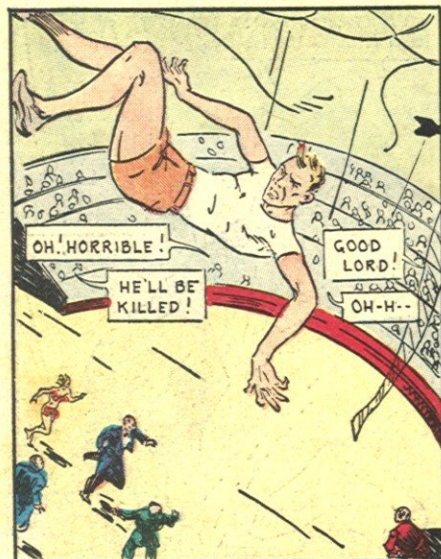
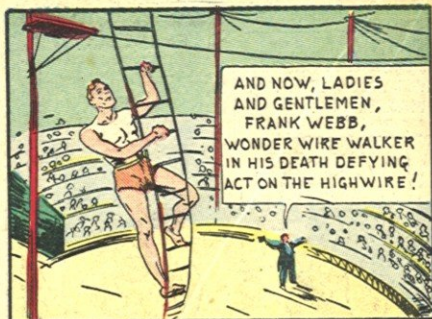


THEY DON'T HEAR YOU, MIRACO. THEY'RE TOO DEEPLY IN LOVE.











AND THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED, PAT. I'M SURE FRANZETTI FILED THAT WIRE HALF THROUGH BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT - YET.



FRANZETTI IS A BAD EGG, MIRACO. I'LL FIRE HIM AS SOON AS I CAN FIND ANOTHER ANIMAL ACT TO TAKE HIS PLACE. KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM IN THE MEANTIME.

FRANZETTI, REALIZING THAT MIRACO IS CONSTANTLY WATCHING HIM DETERMINES TO GET RID OF HIM SO THAT HE CAN KILL FRANK WEBB.



THEY'RE BOTH OF THEM ASLEEP AT LAST. I CAN HEAR THEIR BREATHING. NOW'S MY CHANCE TO FINISH THAT MEDDLING MIRACO FOR EVER.



THIS CHLOROFORM OUGHT TO MAKE THEM SLEEP ALL RIGHT. I'LL CLOSE THE WINDOW NOW AND GIVE IT A LITTLE TIME TO WORK.



IF THAT DOESN'T AWAKE THEM I'LL KNOW THEY'RE REALLY UNCONSCIOUS.



NOW TO GIVE COLOSSUS A PLAYFELLOW.



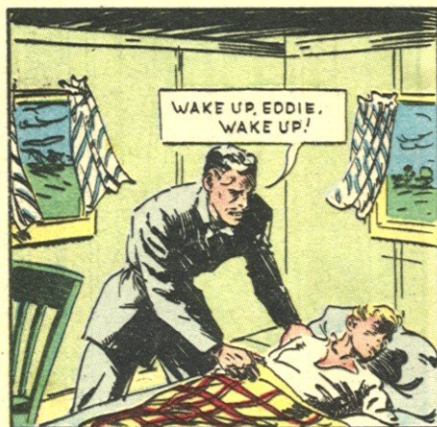














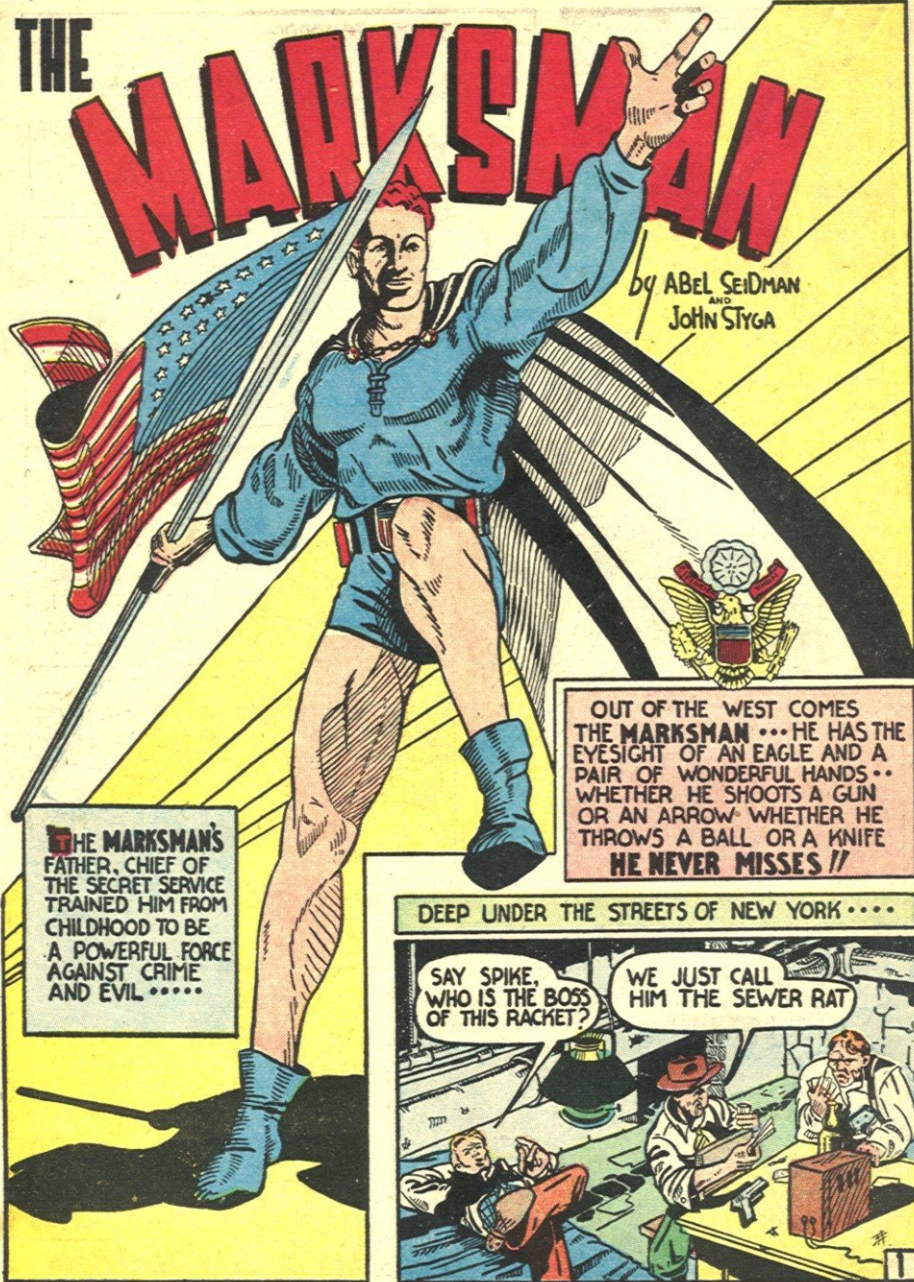




THE

# MARKSMAN

by ABEL SEIDMAN  
AND  
JOHN STYGA



**THE MARKSMAN'S**  
FATHER, CHIEF OF  
THE SECRET SERVICE  
TRAINED HIM FROM  
CHILDHOOD TO BE  
A POWERFUL FORCE  
AGAINST CRIME  
AND EVIL .....

OUT OF THE WEST COMES  
THE **MARKSMAN** ... HE HAS THE  
EYESIGHT OF AN EAGLE AND A  
PAIR OF WONDERFUL HANDS...  
WHETHER HE SHOOTS A GUN  
OR AN ARROW, WHETHER HE  
THROWS A BALL OR A KNIFE  
**HE NEVER MISSES !!**

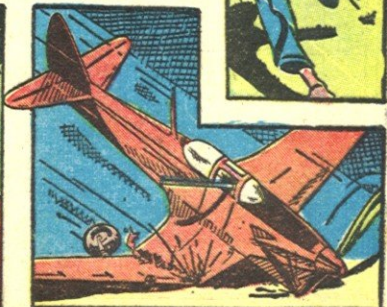
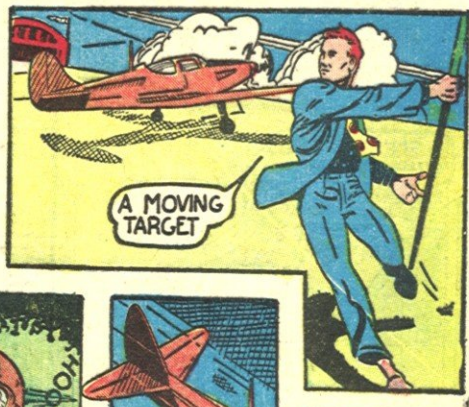
DEEP UNDER THE STREETS OF NEW YORK .....







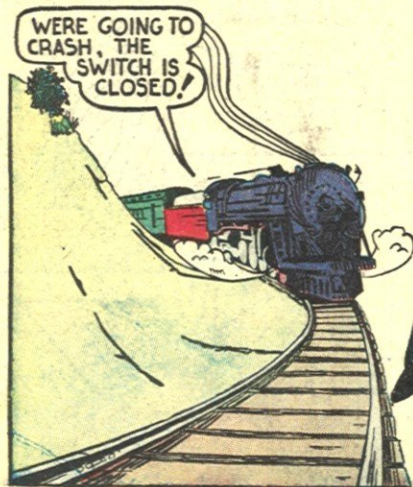
AT THE AIRFIELD THE MARKSMAN POSES AS JOHN COURAGE, A LAWYER







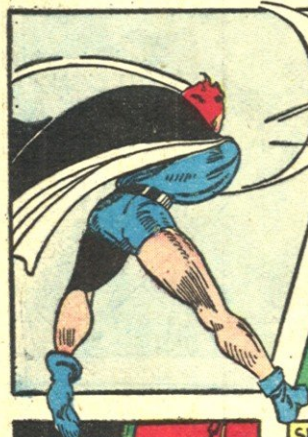
REALIZING THAT HE CAN  
NEVER REACH THE SWITCH  
IN TIME TO SAVE THE TRAIN  
THE MARKSMAN TAKES A CHANCE











SHOWING HIS AMAZING COURAGE THE MARKSMAN ENTERS THE DARK SEWERS TO GIVE BATTLE TO THE SEWER RAT...



SAY... THERE'S A DOOR OVER THERE

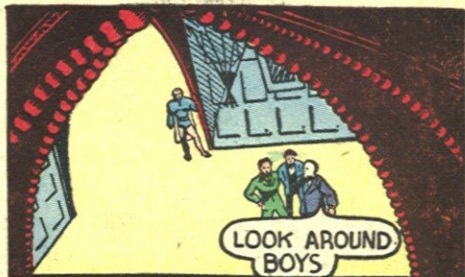




THE MARKSMAN LOOKING THRU  
THE KEY HOLE SEES THE SEWER  
RAT GIVING ORDERS .....

TOMORROW YOU WILL  
STEAL MACHINE GUNS  
FROM THE ARMY CAMP  
THE DOOR TO THE  
STOCK ROOM WILL  
BE OPEN

OKEY BOSS, LETS  
SLEEP IN THE MUSEUM  
THAT'S RIGHT OVER  
THIS TUNNEL



LOOK AROUND  
BOYS

WHO ARE  
YOU



HIT FIRST...ASK  
QUESTIONS  
AFTERWARD



LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE BEFORE  
THE POLICE HEAR  
THE RACKET

I'M RIGHT  
BEHIND YOU



BULLS-EYE!



YOU'LL NEVER  
GET ME ALIVE



THIS IS  
GOING TO  
BE A  
DELICATE  
SHOT









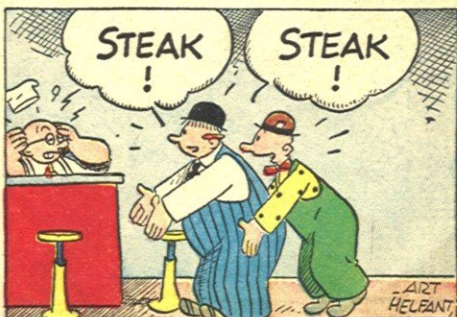
# PHIL AND BILL

BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

by  
ART HELFANT.









# THE MIGHTY MAN

BY MARTIN FILICHOLO



AT THE PRESIDENT'S COMMAND THE WHOLE NATION MOBILIZES FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE - BUT THE MYSTERIOUS SINKING OF STEAMBOATS, PLUS A SCORE OF FULLY-LOADED COAL BARGES HAS CLOGGED UP THE MAIN WATER WAY - AND THUS SLOWED - UP THE PRODUCTION OF STEEL! - WITH A SHORTAGE IN STEEL THE DRIVE FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE HAS STOPPED!!!

THE STEAMBOAT THAT COULDN'T BE SUNK

THE MIGHTY MAN DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE THESE SINKINGS!



- BUT HE WAS NOT.





FAVIER-THE-LESS HE DOES APPEAR  
ON THE SPOT THAT SAME EVENING



A GIRL!  
I WONDER WHAT  
SHE'S DOING HERE?  
I'LL TRAIL HER SHE  
MIGHT LEAD ME  
INTO SOMETHING!



LEAD HIM INTO  
SOMETHING SHE  
DID - THE MIGHTY  
MAN FOLLOWS  
HER ABOUT FIFTY  
YARDS WHEN  
BEDLAM BREAKS  
LOOSE AS FOUR  
MEN JUMP HIM







THE YOUNG LADY PROMPTLY TELLS HER STORY



ENROUTE TO THE GIRL'S HOME





A FEW SECONDS LATER HE APPEARS ABOVE THE BOAT!

IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO DRYDOCK THIS LITTLE TUB!



THE MIGHTY MAN, BY THOUGHT SUGGESTION, GROWS INTO A HUGE GIANT AND WITH EASE LIFTS THE STEAMBOAT OUT OF THE RIVER!

IT'S FUNNY HOW A THING CAN BE OVERTHROWN - BETCHA WHEN THE FIRST BOAT WAS SUNK YOU COULDN'T BREATHE FOR SPECTATORS - BUT NOW A MAN CAN WORK UNMOLESTED! THANKS GOODNESS!



WORK HE DID - WITH OLD LUMBER AND WITHOUT TOOLS HE SOON PATCHES UP THE STEAMBOAT!

NOW TO SEE IF SHE LEAKS!



SHE LOOKS ALL RIGHT FROM HERE - BUT WE'LL SEE WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAYS IN THE MORNING



THE MIGHTY MAN GROWS - THEN SHRINKS

THE CAPTAIN IS ALMOST FLOORED WITH ASTONISHMENT THE NEXT MORNING WHEN SHE SEES THE BESSIE FLOATING LIKE A CORK UPON THE RIVER!



MORNING CAP!

I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES WHEN I SAW THE BESSIE AFLOAT - WHO DID IT? HOW... WHY?

SHE SWAMPS THE MIGHTY MAN WITH QUESTIONS!

SEARCH ME, MAAM! I GUESS IT'S THAT MIRACLE YOU SPOKE OF!



- YOU'RE LYING - BUT I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET SOME MEN, RIGHT QUICK?



HOW MANY MORE DO YOU NEED NOT COUNTING YOUR KID BROTHER AND MYSELF?



TEN OR TWELVE!

PATTY IS NO HELP AT ALL - WHILE YOU'RE GOING AFTER THE MEN I'LL TAKE HIM TO A DOC AND SEE WHY HE CAN'T TALK! I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS!





A FEW HOURS LATER THE MIGHTY MAN APPEARS WITH HALF A DOZEN WORKERS!

WILL WE BE ABLE TO OPERATE WITH THIS MANY? THERE APPEARS TO BE A SHORTAGE IN DECKHANDS!

WE MIGHT -TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T HIRE ONE MORE, THO! THE DOC COULDN'T EXPLAIN PATTY'S CONDITION! IF HE DOESN'T TALK BY TOMORROW I'M TO TAKE HIM BACK FOR ANOTHER CHECKUP!

SHORT-HANDED THE BESSIE SETS SAIL IMMEDIATELY



SOMETIME LATER WE FIND THE STEAMBOAT MILES UP THE RIVER PUSHING EMPTIES



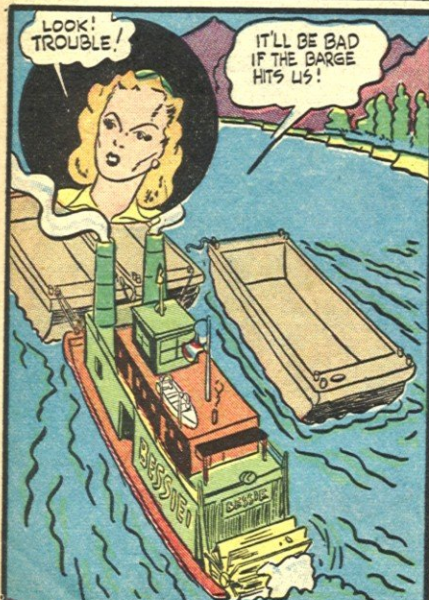
HOW'S TRICKS, CAP!

FINE! A FEW MORE MILES AND WE'LL GET SOME LOADED BARGES FOR PITTSBURGH!

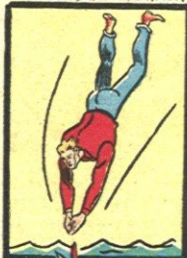


LOOK! TROUBLE!

IT'LL BE BAD IF THE BARGE HITS US!



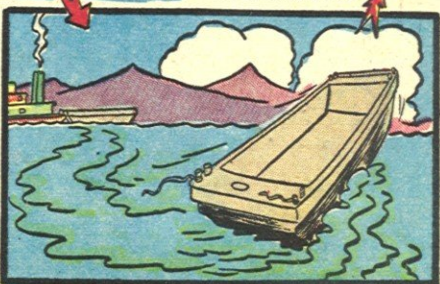
QUICK TO GRASP THE SITUATION THE MIGHTY MAN DIVES INTO THE RIVER



I'M NOT READY TO DISCLOSE MY IDENTITY, YET!



THE UNSEEN FORCE WAS THE MIGHTY MAN

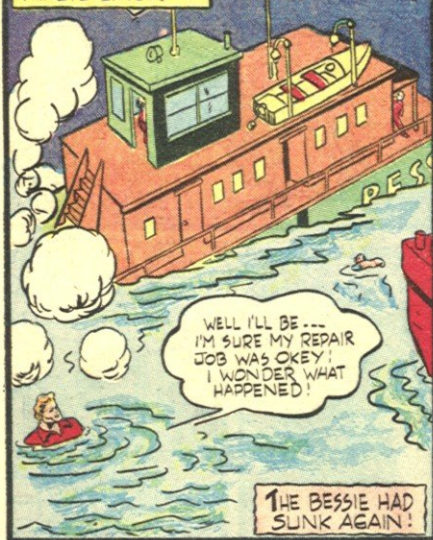


A SECOND LATER SOME UNSEEN FORCE PUSHES THE BARGE FAR UP STREAM BEFORE IT CAN CRASH INTO THE TUG!

ONE OF THE EMPTY BARGES HAD WORKED LOSE AND WAS GOING TO RAM THE STEAMBOAT



THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE GREETED THE MIGHTY MAN WHEN HE CAME TO THE SURFACE A MINUTE LATER.



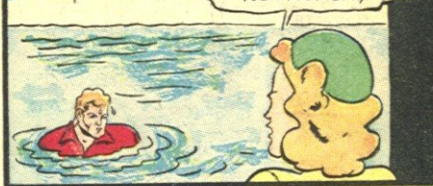
WELL I'LL BE --- I'M SURE MY REPAIR JOB WAS O.K.EY! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED!

THE BESSIE HAD SUNK AGAIN!

FORTUNATELY THE RIVER WAS NOT DEEP HERE!

DO THE BARGE CRASH IT?

NO! IT WENT UNDER FOR NO REASON AT ALL - WHAT MADE YOU DIVE INTO THE WATER? THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT YOUR ACTIONS!



CHECKING FOR CASUALTIES THEY FIND THAT ONE OF THE MEN HAS A BROKEN LEG!

- I WANT ALL OF YOU TO GO WITH THE CAPTAIN - TAKE THIS MAN TO THE DOCTOR AND BRING ME THIS LIST OF SUPPLIES!

HUH!



JUST AS SOON AS THEY GET OUT OF SIGHT I'LL GO TO WORK!

YOU'D NEVER GUESS I WAS THE CAPTAIN OF THAT TUB!



FIRST, I'LL FIND OUT WHAT MADE HER SINK

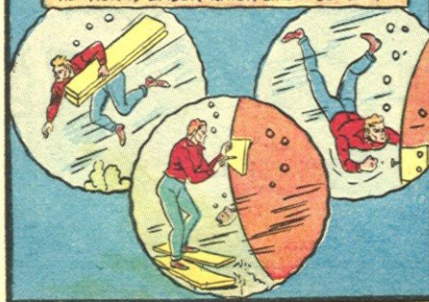


I'LL SOON FIX THIS



HE FINDS A LARGE HOLE

HE WORKS UNDER WATER LIKE A BEAVER!!



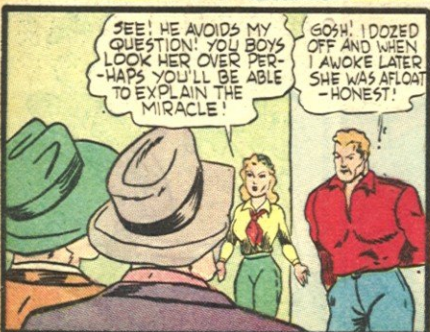
I'LL GET THE WATER OUT OF HER AND SHE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW



DRAINING THE STEAMBOAT WAS A SIMPLE TASK FOR THE MIGHTY MAN!



MEANWHILE THE CAPTAIN IS HAVING HER SHARE OF TROUBLES





THE MIGHTY MAN HAD SHRANK  
AND DROPPED TO THE LOWER DECK



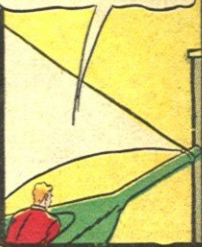
I HAVE ANOTHER HUNCH  
THEY'LL TRY TO GET INTO  
THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM!



BUT I'M GOING TO  
BEAT THEM TO IT!



I HIT THE JACKPOT—HERE  
THEY COME AND THEY'RE  
NOT NEWSPAPER MEN!



WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED  
THE OLD CAPTAIN BEFORE  
HE WROTE THAT LETTER



IT MIGHT BE IN  
THIS SAILBOAT



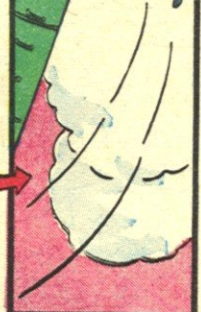
CAUGHT OFF BALANCE THE  
MIGHTY MAN FALLS







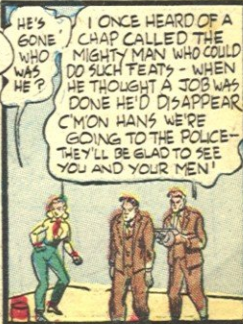
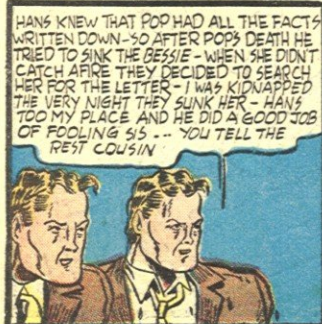
THE MIGHTY MAN DASHES OUT OF THE CABIN!







BUT THE MIGHTY MAN DOESN'T HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY - A SPEEDBOAT COMES OUT NOWHERE AND CRASHES HEADON INTO THE FLEEING CRAFT!





# WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

### 210 PRIZES GIVEN!

**1st and 2nd PRIZE** A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSE-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes Peak, Garden of the Gods. Then cowboy life on the Rancho—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

Portable HOME RECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH

**5TH PRIZE**

**RECORDIO JR.**

Win one of these 5 beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs! Complete with "mike" 6 blank recording discs. VALUE each . . . \$39.95



**101 FOURTH PRIZES**

**DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL**

Win one of these 101 DAISY Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 500 Targets, 26 Target Cards. \$200 Back-stop. VALUE each:



**100 FIFTH PRIZES**

**GUN BRACKETS**

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each \$1.00



and The Fred Harman Award

FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his PERSONAL GIFT!



**RED RYDER CARBINE**

ONLY \$2.95

Duty Added in Canada

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

—get one NOW!—at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store! If Dealer is sold out or no Daisy Dealer near you—rush us the price of the Daisy you want—we'll send it postpaid! (Duty added in Canada on all rifles.)

Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT

**RED RYDER**

Saddle

**CARBINE**

OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS

Pump Repeater, 50-Shot, Forced-Feed Magazine . . . \$4.50

ORIGINAL LIGHTNING-LOADER \$2.50 CARBINE, 500-shot.

Other Daisys not illustrated: Buck Jones Special, 60-shot outdoor model, \$3.50—Nicked 500-shot repeater, \$1.95—Single Shots at \$1 and \$1.50.

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

BIG JUMBO TUBE 5¢

### CONTEST RULES

- (1) Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . . in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.
- (2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be returned at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.
- (3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.
- (4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.
- (5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished you Free at your Daisy Dealers. If you write us direct for Free Official Target, enclose 3c stamp to cover our mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.
- (6) Contestants must submit only one Official 5-Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull's-eye 5 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot

- (7) consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.
  - (7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.
  - (8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.
  - (9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus aptness of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . . in 20 words or less.
  - (10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.
- ENTER DAISY'S Rootin' Tootin' SHOOTIN' CONTEST now and shoot to win! Every boy in the U.S.A. has the opportunity to WIN one of those TWO FREE RANCH TRIPS—plus Fred Harman's own PERSONAL GIFT of Hand-Made Chaps—or one of 5 new portable RECORDIO JR. HomeRecorder Radio Phonograph Wonder Machines each worth \$39.95—or one of 101 Genuine Daisy Targeteer Gun Pistols—or one of 100 pairs of Horse-Head Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't any air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET and ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS or Write Us!

Do this today—now! Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!



# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 977 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



# FIREWORKS



This 4th of July show your real American spirit in a good old fun packed noisy celebration. Have fireworks everyone enjoys -- the sure-fire, high quality kind you always get from SPENCER

**\$6.45 WORTH**  
*for only* **\$2.95**

F. O. B. POLK, OHIO  
NOT PREPAID

None Shipped C. O. D  
Unless \$1.50 Is  
Sent With  
Order



SPENCER'S **1941** YOUNG AMERICAN ASSORTMENT

100 2" Cannon Salutes \$1.00	5 Noi-zee Boy Salutes .10
200 Flashlight Crackers .60	10 Lg. Pkg. Asst. Crackers .75
25 Flash Salutes .25	1 Reporting Cone .10
10 Elec. Cannon Salutes .20	5 Marble Flash Salutes .10
2 Sky Bombs (two shot) .10	2 Red Torch .10
5 Roman Candles (10 ball) .50	1 Sky Battle .10
5 Sky Rockets (stars) .50	1 Pkg. Lady Crackers .15
10 Niggerchasers .10	1 Erupting Volcano .10
10 Grasshoppers .10	8 Buster Salutes .05
10 Penny Flash Salutes .10	1 Whistling Cyclone .10
5 Glittercracks .10	3 Giant Liberty Salutes .10
10 Bombshell Salutes .25	1 Ex. Lg. Whistling Hand Grenade .15
1 Whistling Tracer Bomb .15	2 Gyro Flyers .10
16 Sparklers .10	1 Pkg. Jumbo Crackers .15
1 No. 1 Aerial Bomb .10	1 Pkg. Punk .05
1 Reporting Sky Rocket .10	Total Retail Value \$6.45

100 EXTRA LOUD SALUTES **FREE**

THE SPENCER FIREWORKS CO.  
Box W-150, POLK, OHIO

**FREE CATALOG**

OUR BIG NEW 1941 catalog gives you choice of the world's best noise makers, night display pieces and novelty fireworks... all at money saving prices. Order direct from Fireworks Headquarters and get your money's worth... more and better fireworks shipped right to your door. Send for a **FREE Catalog** today.



**Show Catalog**  
TO YOUR FRIENDS GET  
YOUR FIREWORKS **FREE**

Many of your friends will be glad to order fireworks from your catalog. Ask us how you can earn **FREE** Fire works this easy way.



SPENCER FIREWORKS CO., Box W-150, Polk, Ohio  
Send me your **FREE Catalog** and Gift Coupon

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Print Name and Address Plainly. Paste on Penny Postal and Mail.

**FREE SALUTES**

Have more fun for your money-- buy **FIREWORKS** direct. With every order a 35c gift box of Salutes **FREE**.

